

California State University, San Bernardino

## CSUSB ScholarWorks

---

Guest Artist Presentations

Curriculum Archive

---

Summer 7-2016

### Eve Wood Presentation

Eve Wood

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.lib.csusb.edu/guest-art-pres>

---

#### Recommended Citation

Wood, Eve, "Eve Wood Presentation" (2016). *Guest Artist Presentations*. 5.  
<https://scholarworks.lib.csusb.edu/guest-art-pres/5>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Curriculum Archive at CSUSB ScholarWorks. It has been accepted for inclusion in Guest Artist Presentations by an authorized administrator of CSUSB ScholarWorks. For more information, please contact [scholarworks@csusb.edu](mailto:scholarworks@csusb.edu).

## Telling Stories

We all have them,  
Or rather, they have us –  
The narratives that encompass our lives,  
Or weave through like a river, leaving  
Behind only a slight indentation  
In the sludge.  
We all want them  
To be loud and ferocious,  
Tear us apart from the inside out,  
But mostly they are small and easily diminished --  
Our stories, our lives,  
A compendium  
Of bearing  
Witness.  
Rain turns the dirt to mud  
And suddenly the story is different, our hands  
Shielding our faces where once  
There was sun.  
We all embellish the road we walk down,  
Swelling the banks with poppies until  
We can no longer stand,  
When really the wind just finds us  
Alone, quietly crouched  
Over a fire.  
We all have them,  
Or rather they have us --  
Immeasurable longings  
And impractical dreams --  
The story of how  
The woods were a cathedral of snow  
That day  
And no one was there to see it,  
But you.

































## **A Shadow In The Shade**

This is the world today:  
Cruelty fattening on itself,  
The vulturous expeditions of people  
Without hope,  
A bird shot down from the wire  
By a boy.  
So I say – hey boy!  
Look at me trying to reach you.  
I am old yet I am taught  
The same lesson everyday –  
Time is a brutal system of loss  
And the bird you shot  
Sits closest to God.

Hey boy, you are living,  
A shadow in the shade of another new day,  
So step  
Into  
The light of the person you could be.  
Take your shadow by its invisible scruff  
And drag it into  
The sun.  
This is the word we live in:  
Blood surge at the horizon's edge,  
The sky littered with rainclouds,  
But every person  
Makes his choice.















# The Death of Silence

It's important to be quiet.  
It is how the mind mends itself, yet  
The world today is  
A constant hammer,  
A barrage of incessant demands  
Like a bass drum muscling  
Across the air waves.

Introspection can be a cure for regret,  
But the loudness of the world  
Won't allow it.  
The air thickens with a torpor of nonspecific sound,  
A headlong blur  
Of musicless music  
When what it needs most is  
A hush,  
A break in  
The forest of sound  
Where each of us can measure the weight  
Of our lives  
Without  
Distraction.

It's important to live without words  
If only for a moment because  
The depth of that moment extends  
Far beyond  
A single utterance.

Silence.

It is how we replenish.  
It is how we know we are alive.

























